

BY THE SEA.

I stood by the sea when the sun shone bright
And the golden light shone on the water lay
Like gems in the crown of a fairy queen
Flashed forth in glittering splendor.
And the soft winds sighed over the shimmering
And the murmuring waves to the breeze
In tones that were low and tender.
I stood by the sea when the moon was high,
And the stars shone out from the midnight
And a wondrous light was that shimmering
That flashed from the crests of the surges
Like stars in trembling motion;
And the moon's soft ray on the waters lay,
And its glowing track made a twilight
Across the slumbering ocean.
I stood by the sea when the lightning
flashed,
And the waves ran high, and the thunder
crashed,
And the blinding spray, that was dashed
away.
By the howling wind, in the furious fray
Brought death to the hardy toiler;
When his ship at last by the stormy blast,
A dismantled wreck on the rocks was cast,
A prey to the ruthless spoiler.

The beautiful sea! The treacherous sea!
A joy and a terror it is to me,
A beautiful sight, by day or by night,
Is the tranquil sea, by whose margin bright
The fisherman loves to wander;
A terrible thing when the rage of death brings
The meal of death with his subtle wing
To darken the homesteads yonder.
—W. C. Newsam, in Golden Days.

THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE
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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

When the reporter came within sight of the safe, Dunlap was closely inspecting the lock. Presently he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" asked Sturgis.
"I don't understand it," said Dunlap. "I cannot open the safe. The lock seems all right; but—"

"Perhaps the combination has been changed."

"Apparently it has," admitted the banker; "but how came it to be changed on a week day, and without my knowledge?"

"That is rather significant, isn't it?" suggested the reporter.
"Significant? What do you mean?" exclaimed Dunlap, excitedly.

"I mean that Arbogast was a defaulter. What his system of defaulting the bank was I do not yet know; but an examination of the books will no doubt reveal this; and I should advise you, Mr. Dunlap, to lose no time in having it made."

"But," argued Dunlap, anxiously, "I tell you the books were examined last week."

"Yes; by Arbogast's accomplice."

"What, Chatham's accomplice?" exclaimed Dunlap, faintly.

"Chatham was in the plot beyond a doubt," answered Sturgis. "So long as no one had access to the books except his accomplice Chatham, of course Arbogast felt secure. But when, yesterday, the announcement was made that after the beginning of the new year his books would pass to the custody of another man, he saw that the game was up."

The men had returned to the president's office.

"Those are his very words," continued the reporter; "those he telegraphed to Chatham yesterday, as you will see if you hold before that mirror this sheet of blotting paper which I found on Arbogast's desk."

Dunlap, with an unsteady hand, took the blotting paper; and, holding it before the glass, studied the reflection intently.

"What do you make out?" asked Sturgis.

"Nothing whatever," replied the banker, promptly.

"What?" exclaimed the reporter; "do you mean to say that you do not distinguish any marks on the blotting paper?"

"I mean to say that I do not see anything to which I can attach any semblance of a meaning. The blotting paper has been used, and, of course, there are ink marks upon it; but, as far as I can see, these are wholly disconnected. They are entirely void of sense to my eyes, at any rate."

"Examine the blotter again carefully in this direction," said Sturgis, drawing an imaginary line upon the mirror, "and pay no attention to any other marks which seem to cross these lines. Now do you see anything?"

The banker examined the image in the mirror for some time before replying.

"If I allow my imagination to enter into play, I can complete several isolated letters."

"Will you dictate these while I note them here. Be careful to distinguish between capital and lower-case letters. Also separate the lines, and state whether letters come close together or are separated by a space."

"Very well," agreed Dunlap, who then proceeded to read off the letters he saw in the reflection of the blotter in the mirror.

When he had finished, Sturgis handed him the paper, upon which were transcribed the letters he had dictated. They presented the appearance shown below:

S Ch m D I E
G e p t y m l a s
s r r y J g t
"Well," said the banker, "if you can make anything out of that gibberish, your imagination is more active than mine."

"It is not a question of imagination," said Sturgis; "let us proceed systematically. Here is a telegram blank detached from a pad I found on Arbogast's desk. Compare its size with the

outline of the marks on the blotter, and you will see, in the first place, that the message would just fit snugly on this sheet. Next, you will probably admit that the first line of marks on the blotter probably contain a date; the second, a name; the third, an address; the last, a signature, and the intermediate lines, a message."

"I am quite willing to concede so much; for no business man would be likely to write a telegram differently." "Very well. Now, then, let me hold this blank so that the reflection of its vertical rulings may appear just above the image of the message. These lines, remember, separate the words of the message. Extend them mentally, and note how they divide the letters of the blotter. Will you hold these sheets while I transcribe the result?"

In a few minutes more the reporter had drawn several lines on his copy of the reflection in the mirror.

"I don't see that you are any better off now than you were before," remarked Dunlap, examining the result.

"Wait a minute. These vertical lines, we say, divide the words of the message. There are five words to the line; only two on the last line before the signature; that is to say, 12 words in the message. Now, consider the first word. Evidently the 'G' begins this word since it is a capital; and the flourish on the tail of the 'e' tells us plainly enough where the word ends. Note the space between the 'G' and the 'e'.

Have you ever taken the trouble to ascertain how constant in any given handwriting is the space occupied by the different letters? Try it some time. Count the characters which you have written in a number of different lines, reckoning spaces and punctuation marks such as one character, and observe how closely the results will tally. Basing my conclusions on this fact, I may safely affirm that the first word of the message is 'Game'.

"Game, 'Game,' or some other word of four letters beginning with 'G' and ending with 'e.' I shall proceed to fill up the balance of the message as I read it between the letters."

Sturgis wrote slowly and carefully for a few minutes.

"There; behold the result!" The message had now assumed this form:

Thomas Chatham, Dec. 31, 1896.
Game up. Meet me today
corner South and Wall streets
J. W. Arbogast.

"Compare this with the reflection of the original and tell me if you can now detect various isolated marks and incomplete letters, all of which tally with the text I have inserted here."

Dunlap made the comparison.

"I am obliged to admit that your conclusions now appear plausible," he reluctantly admitted.

Sturgis shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, call them plausible, and let us proceed. Chatham kept the appointment yesterday; but for some reason Arbogast was delayed in leaving the bank. Perhaps the necessary preparations for his flight took longer than he expected."

"You think he intended to abscond?"

"Why should he have changed the combination of his safe, as he did, if not



to give himself as much time as possible to reach a place of comparative safety before the books could be examined?"

asked Sturgis. "Chatham, becoming impatient, forgot the dictates of prudence and started for the bank to ascertain the cause of his accomplice's delay. He met Arbogast at the Wall street door. The two men reentered, Arbogast setting down his satchel in the vestibule and leaving the outer door ajar, as Quinlan found it a few minutes later, when he stole the satchel. I have every reason to believe that it was of Chatham's request that the men returned. He wished to use the telephone, and he did so."

"Your story is connected, and it is certainly not lacking in details," said Dunlap, incredulously; "in fact, these details are far too abundant for the evidence thus far advanced."

"Every one of the details is based upon facts," replied Sturgis. "What I have accomplished thus far has been simple enough, because luck has favored us. Yesterday being cleaning day at the bank, the floors were scrubbed some time during the afternoon, before Arbogast was ready to leave and before Chatham had arrived. It thus happens that almost every footprint of the two men has remained faintly but distinctly outlined upon the wet floors, which have since dried, preserving the record. The detectives last night obliterated a portion of this record, but they have left traces enough for our purpose. If you care to crawl around on all fours as I did you can readily distinguish these traces for yourself."

"No, thank you," answered the banker.

er. "I prefer to take your word for this part of the evidence."

"Then I shall resume my story," said Sturgis. "The footprints show that Arbogast stood at his desk while the scrubbing was going on. We may safely say it was after half-past four o'clock when he started to leave the bank; for otherwise it is presumable that Chatham would have waited for him at the corner of South and Wall streets, as he was asked to do in the bookkeeper's telegram. He first walked over to the safe and closed it, changing the combination, so that the lock could not be opened until he had had a fair start. Next he went to the clerks' room for his hat and coat and for the satchel in which he had packed just the few necessities for immediate use in his flight. He started to leave the building through the Exchange place door; but probably remembered that the Wall street door was not locked, and went back to lock it. As he was about to close the outer door, Chatham arrived on the scene, and the two men reentered, as we have already seen. The footprints tell their story fully and absolutely, their chronological order being established by the occasional obliteration of a footprint in one trail by another in a subsequent trail. The two men walked back into the room in which we now are. Their actions after this will be clearer to you if you will follow on this diagram."

CHAPTER XI.
A RECONSTRUCTED DRAMA.

As he spoke, Sturgis handed Dunlap the sheet of paper upon which he had traced a plan of the Knickerbocker bank.

"From this point on," he continued, "I have indicated the various trails on the diagram. The dotted lines represent Arbogast's footprints; the continuous lines show Chatham's trail."

"How can you distinguish between the two?" inquired Dunlap.

"There is no difficulty about that," replied Sturgis. "The differences are very marked. I know Arbogast's foot because I have seen it; and I know that the other one is Chatham's because you recognized the man from the description I gave of him."

"Yes, I know. But how could you describe him so accurately when you have never seen him?"

"I shall come to that presently," said Sturgis, smiling; "you must let me tell my story in my own way. If I am to tell it connectedly."

"Very well," said the banker, resignedly. "Hold on, though," he exclaimed; "you speak of two sets of trails, but what is this third set of trails, marked by alternate dots and dashes?"

"This represents the traces of a third individual, who will appear upon the scene later on. He has not yet reached his cue. But, since you mention him, we may put him down at the end of the trail. I do not yet know his name. Now, then, let me see. Where was I? Your interruption has made me lose the thread. Oh, yes; the men were in this room. Arbogast, excited and excited, paced back and forth, like a caged animal. Chatham was more excited. It was warm in the bank, as compared with the intense cold outside; he removed his overcoat and threw it over the back of that chair in the corner. This fact is shown by the direction of the footprints toward the chair, and by a mark directly below the arm of the chair where the garment trailed upon the wet floor. Chatham's carelessness was fraught with serious consequences; for, as luck would have it, there was, in one of the pockets of his coat, an important letter, which slipped out and fell upon the floor superimposition upon itself. Here is the envelope itself, which I have pieced together. You will see that it is soiled only upon the back, and here near the chair is the faint oblong mark which is left upon the floor. Chatham went to the telephone in the cashier's office. He probably did not see the letter fall. It caught Arbogast's eye, however, and you can imagine his surprise when he saw that it was addressed to his wife. What had his accomplice written to his wife? Arbogast evidently was not restrained by any feelings of delicacy in the matter, or else he was already suspicious of Chatham; for he picked up the envelope, tore it open, and read the letter which lies before you, as I have pieced it together. It makes interesting reading. I do not wonder that Arbogast lost his head when he saw it. Read it for yourself."

"Why," exclaimed Dunlap, after reading the letter, "this announces his intention of committing suicide."

"Precisely; and yet Arbogast did not commit suicide; probably never had any intention of doing so, and, at any rate, did not write that letter. You will observe that it is not signed; the name is typewritten, like the rest of the letter, which, moreover, was not written here, as the superimposition would seem to indicate. I have tried your typewriter, and although it is of the same make as the one upon which this letter was written, there are several characteristic differences in the alignment and in the imperfections of the type."

"Besides," continued Sturgis, thoughtfully, "the letter itself bears evidence, on its face, that it could not have been written by Arbogast. Your bookkeeper was of a weak, nervous, excitable temperament, as all his actions plainly show. Before such a man is brought to the point of taking his own life, he must have passed through a more or less protracted period of agonizing nervous tension, of which you and I can hardly form any adequate conception. Under the circumstances, if he loved his wife, conscious that by his guilt he was about to plunge her into the depths of grief and shame, he might have written her an imbecile and hysterical letter, or a tender and repentant letter, but never this frigid, matter-of-fact statement of a supreme

decision. This letter is the work of a cold and calculating nature, incapable of ordinary human feeling. The man who wrote it would not have written to his wife at all, or would have written only to serve some selfish purpose. From what I know of Arbogast, I do not believe he was capable of composing these lines."

"You think, then, that the letter was written by Chatham?" said Dunlap. "But what object could Chatham have for writing such a letter?"

"No," answered Sturgis. "I do not think that Chatham wrote this letter. That is the curious part of it. I cannot believe that if Chatham had been aware of the important nature of its contents, he could have been willing to leave it for an instant within Arbogast's reach."

"But who, then, could have been its author, and why should he have entrusted the letter to 'Chatham'?"

"To your second question, my answer is, probably because he wanted it mailed from the main post office at about the time that Arbogast would leave the bank. To the first, I cannot yet give any positive answer, although, as you will presently see, there are some clues pointing to our unknown quantity 'X' as the author of this letter. But let us not anticipate. Suppose we return to our drama. When Arbogast read this letter, he evidently thought, as I do, that somebody was playing him false; that he was to be gotten rid of in some safer way than exile; in short, that, as somebody said of one of the Turkish sultans, he was to be 'snickered.' He must have had strong reasons to suspect Chatham of treachery; for he at once impulsively jumped to the conclusion that his only chance of safety lay in striking before he could be struck. At any rate, while the accountant was busy at the telephone, Arbogast stood near this desk, mechanically tearing to pieces this letter, while he planned the accountant's death. He had taken with him a revolver. As the thought of it flashed upon his mind, his resolution was instantly taken. He stealthily crept to the paying teller's window. Through it he could see the telephone closet, the door of which stood open. Chatham was in direct range, as Arbogast raised the pistol, and, without a word of warning, fired. The accountant held the receiver of the telephone to his ear. His sacred life for the better covered his left hand, and remained unharmed in his flesh. When the bullet struck him, Chatham flew forward, striking his head against a corner of the telephone box, and inflicting a slight scalp wound. I found a few lines of an intensely red line, which are clearly his. I also found strands of his hair, which caught on a protruding nail as he fell, and I infer from these his taste for food and drink. He recovered himself before Arbogast was ready to fire a second time and ran into the clerk's room, probably hoping to make his way to the street through the Exchange Place door. But at the same time, Arbogast rushed through the reception room and this office, reaching the vestibule in time to head off Chatham, who then turned back and ran through the secretary's room, with Arbogast in pursuit."

(To Be Continued.)

SHE SAW IT FIRST.

A Philadelphia Teamster Who Proved Himself a Chesterfield in Manners.

He was only a teamster, but his soul was filled with a chivalry which we are led to believe typified the knights of old. And in a coat of mail he might have passed muster, for he was a big, brawny chap, with no little physical beauty of the rough sort, says the Philadelphia Record.

As he guided his heavy drag down Market street hill the other morning one of the horses slipped in the icy street, and in his effort to recover his equilibrium lost a shoe. Putting the brake down hard, the driver jumped from his seat to recover the shoe.

But, quick as he was another claimant was ahead of him. She was a fashionably attired young girl of about 18, with a roguish, laughing face, just as the teamster leaned over to pick up the horseshoe a dainty-gloved little hand reached in ahead of his big red one and clutched the coveted prize.

"I got it first," she cried, laughing gleefully. "Let me keep it, do, please. It's such good luck if you see it come off yourself."

The big teamster removed his fur cap and bowed with Chesterfieldian grace. "Certainly, miss," he replied, gallantly. "If I can assist you to put back I shall be most happy."

Then, quite unabashed, he climbed up to his seat and the girl walked up the hill with the horseshoe.

Amused Gleanings.

Most people, if asked what animal eats the most, would probably say the lion or tiger. This is quite a mistake, says the London Daily Mail. Thirty to forty pounds of flesh will satisfy a lion, which, as an average specimen weighs over 450 pounds, is by no means extravagant. A bear has much more capacity than a lion and can make away with a small pig at a meal, say half a hundredweight of meat. Wolves are among the largest of the larger carnivores. A wolf will starve for a fortnight, and then eat a third of his own weight at a single meal.

That Was Unreasonable.

"Well," said Mr. Goldings, at length, "I'd buy a typewriter from you if you would give me the proper sort of guarantee."

"I'll give you every guarantee in reason," said the agent. "What do you want?"

"I wish you to guarantee that it will spell correctly."—Towz Topics.

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All that has been said of CUTICURA SOAP may be said with even greater emphasis of CUTICURA Ointment, the most delicate, and yet most effective of emollients, and greatest of skin cures. Its use in connection with CUTICURA SOAP (as per directions around each package), in the "ONE NIGHT CURE FOR SORE HANDS," in the "INSTANT RELIEF TREATMENT FOR DISFIGURING ITCHING AND IRRITATIONS," and in many uses too numerous to mention, is sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for the skin.

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